

THE
COMICAL NOTES
AND
SAYINGS
OF
THE REVEREND
MR PETTIGREW,

Late Minister of the Gospel at *Long Govan*, near
Glasgow,



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The Comical Notes and Sayings, &c.

MR Pettegrew, late minister at Long Goven, two miles west from Glasgow, a man of an excellent ready wit, and of great patience, and knowledge conform thereunto, so that the rest of his brethren, ministers of that presbytery held him as their father, teacher and instructor : for unto him they appealed to resolve all doubtful questions and controversies ; for at any assemblies or synods amongst his brethren, he had a most learned speech, imitating that of an English advocate ; but, in his common discourse among his parishioners, he had as homely a stile of speech as any old woman in the parish ; he was a great lover of piety, quietness, and sharply reprov'd vice, in whatever person or rank he beheld it ; and that in words so mild, and fitting the offenders case and crimes, partly in the way of mocking them for the meanness of such a naughty offence, as below their station to do so and so.

He being one night in company with some young gentlemen, and one young man among the rest, whose name was James, swore very often by his Maker's name ; Mr Pettegrew observing him, and as he did it so the next time, By Jamie said, Mr Pettegrew, is it so man ? What said the young man, do you swear by my name ? Yes, said Mr Pettegrew, while you swear so often by such a great name. The young man flew in a rage, wishing God d—n his soul, if any man did so again, but he would show them the odds of it ; Ah ! poor man, said Mr Pettegrew, what would thou do if thy arse were but damned for æ ten days ? The young man being so ashamed at this rebuke before the rest of the company, that he became very peaceable, and ever after, knew how to rule his tongue.

In the time of queen Ann's wars against the French, one day, after sermon in the church, in his prayer, he earnestly



earnestly desired that God would permit the devil to take the French king, and shake him above hell; but, O! do not let him sling him in, altho' he be our enemy; but fright him out of his little coat, until he become a better neighbour, and let poor folks leave in peace.

One day as he was standing beside some work men, who were mending a piece of rough road, which led unto his own house, a parcel of young gentlemen who had been a hunting coming past that way, one of them said, Good day to you Mr Pettegrew, I suppose this is the way to heaven, you are mending it so well? Indeed, man, I thought it had been so, until I saw your graceless like face coming this way; we need not mend any more at it, for ye're going fast enough to an ill part, for as rough as the road is.

One of his elders told him one Sabbath morning, that there was two highland gentlemen com'd out of Glasgow in purpose to hear him, because of his comical expressions; a well, said he, they had as good said in Glasgow. So it happened in the time of the sermon, that many of the people fell asleep, which caused him to stop and rebuke them, Sit up, said he, ye folks about Patrick, ye sup so many milk brose, that it is impossible to keep you from sleeping, as highland men from stealing, and now my own wife, she must have her nose as well as the rest of your milk meat folks; but, if the clerk were not asleep, I should instrument her for sleeping in the kirk: for it is an auld by word, What may we not do, when the minister's wife does it?

There was a old woman in this parish, whose name was Bessy Black, and having got a bastard child, as he rebuked her before the congregation, she being on the black stool of repentance; Black fouks have ay black fashons, and black works has ay a black reward; ye wadna stay in honest fouks service, but ran awa thy ain black gates, and now ye're com'd again to that black seat; vow woman, but thou was in an unca haste, it coudna wait on a wedding day, till I had gotten my gloves win; and does thou think poor woman, ever to do well when thou hast gotten thy first bairn frae the deil, for a' graceless things is curst, thou sees the bits
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of herd laddies will take aff their bonnets, and seek a blessing to their brose, but thou gade into the bed, and cust up thy black gammons, and sought neither advice frae God or man. O ! Bessy, Bessy Black is your name, and black is your nature, and black is your spot, and black is your hoe, hoe, hoe.

There was a young gentleman in this parish who had got a bastard, but would not come in obedience to the session, nor mount their stool; though he owned the child to be his, he defended them for two years, until they were going to excommunicate him; but Mr Pettegrew went, and got him one day by himself, and told him, if he would come only one day, he should say nothing to him that he could take amiss; and if it lay in his power, he would obolve him the first day. The young man promised faithfully to appear upon the aforesaid conditions, but the word thereof spread thro' Glasgow, and the neighbouring towns, that such a young man was to be upon the stool, upon such a Sabbath for as long as he hath stood out against it; therefore, every one was curious to go and hear his rebuke, thinking it would be a terrible one; so when the day came, there was such a croud of young laddies from Glasgow, that the kirk could not contain them all in the seats and loasts round about the kirk, being filled up with fine laddies, so that the people in the parish could not get into their seats. After sermon, Mr Pettegrew calls to him by his name, saying, Poor man, thou is e'en standing here to shew satisfaction for that foul fact of furnication, but I cannot blame thee for it. Thou is really to be pitied: for I believe there is not a whore in a' Glasgow nor Paisley, but what has followed you here this day, and I can say nothing to thee, for I see it is not thy fault, thou has been tempted to do it: I maun jst absolve thee though it be the first time; for I never saw so many whore like hussies running after one poor fellow. The laddies looked one to another, but knew not what to do or say for themselves; however none of them returned to hear the afternoon's sermon, but made the best of their way home, with their new name, a whore.

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One Sabbath afternoon, there was a young gentleman in the church, who was a great gamester at cards, and had been very late at it one Saturday night, if not early on Sunday morning, which caused him to fall asleep in time of the lecture, and being sitting on the fore-side of a loft, opposite to the pulpit; when they began to sing the psalm's between the lecture and the sermon, every one seeking out his Bible or Psalm book, the young man seeking for his, and pulling out his pocket napkin, out comes a pack of cards, and flew over the loft, down among the people like a flock of doves; Hech man, said Mr Pettegrew, but your Psalm book is ill bound.

There happened a debate between a minister and a doctor in Edinburgh, and in the heat of their argument, the minister called the doctor an athiest, as was really believed to be true, by the doctor's practice and profession, yet the doctor pursued the minister, and would have him to prove it or loss his kirk for saying so: it continued a law plea for two years or thereby; at last the doctor was on the point of gaining on the minister, all hopes of defence being gone, he wrote to Mr Pettegrew his state and pleading, that he would advise him what was best to be done. Mr Pettegrew sent him word that he could advise him to nothing, but he should come in all haste himself to see what relief could be made for him. So the last court day that was to be about it, Mr Pettegrew came to Edinburgh, and meeting with his brother minister, he saluted him, saying, A dear man could thou not decide this bit of debate without fashing me an auld dead stock, to be hobling so far awa after your nonsense? It is a strange thing if he has caught so much at your mouth, and we catch nothing at his. Then Mr Pettegrew ordered four gentlemen to follow him close at his back, and whatever he said to any person, to be sure what they answered him again, so he came to the cross, where he saw the doctor and his advocates standing together before they went into the court, then he came close in behind him, and sharply clapt upon his shoulder, saying, Sir, are you Doctor P——t——the athiest? Yes said he, and turning about very smartly, Very good said Mr Pettegrew. I
take

take you all witnesses he has confessed it himself. The doctor stood like one dumfounded, then said, O Pettegrew, thy skull is as deep as hell. A wow man, said Mr Pettegrew, has thou win to the belief that there is a hell? His two advocates seeing all confounded at what he had said, raged on him like two mad men, and advised him to an argement with the minister.

One time in his session he had a young woman before him for getting a bastard he asked at her as follows? And where wa that wean gotten now my lady? Indeed Sir, it was gotten at the cheek of Mire's hole, (this Mire's-hole was a miry wet place of ground in the field where nothing but grass grew) Mire's hole, said Mr Pettegrew, and a dirty hole it is my woman, for I laird my horse ae night in it. O fy, said one of the elders, Mr Pettegrew that's bawdy: You think it was her arse hole the lass had said, said Mr Pettegrew, dear man, does thou think that I would ride there awa' saddled and bridled. and holes enew at hame.

There happened another most terrible debate in his session, concerning a young lady and a gentleman, who had been in a fair way to furnication. The witnesses swore that they saw the man's hand between the woman's thighs, and her hand in the ballap of the man's breeches; To which Mr Pettegrew said, Ay, ay, the deil's in that man's breeches, and hell's between that woman's feet when the like is between them, and think ye that the deil could bide lang out of hell? Na, na, I'll warrant him. For these words the lady would have a mends of Mr Pettegrew; so next Sabbath his lecture made him to speak something of a whorish woman; he first compared her to a city, then to a ship; and when she, the same lady, was coming into the church, he was saying, when she gets up her sails, she ships over the waves with a lofty head, and there she comes, with her top and top galants, but she has a lack in her bottom that will send her to hell. A captain of a ship being in the church asleep, or near about it, hearing these words, got up in a rage, crying, Up up, up, all hands aloft, pump and be dam'nd, I'll make her to swim.

Now, in all his diverting sayings, he was never seen to laugh:

laugh himself but thrice : the first was once as he was gonig to the church, not far frome his own house, one of his elders was easing himself, and being in a haste, because Mr Pettegrew was coming that way, he pulled a docken to dight his backside, but doing it too rashly, his fingers went through and was all beshit, so he gave his hand a hasty wap backwards that smote his fingers against a stone wall, untill the blood followed, and then bangs them into his mouth, dirty as they were Mr Pettegrew seeing him come into the church a while after and his hand tied up when he minded the way he saw him get it burst out into laughter? the elders called a session between sermons to enquire the reason thinking he was gone mad? so he ordered them to ask how such a man got his hand hurt? To which he answered helping out with a barrowful of muck. Then Mr Pettegrew told the way he saw him get it which made them all laugh very heartily

Another time as he was coming from a presbytery with other two ministers, they called at a house on the way, for a refreshment: so the landlady toasted some pudding on the fire, and Mr Pettegrew was asking a blessing before they fell to eat them one of the puddings on the fire fell a chipping like a mouse: a young child about two years of age being then present, said Whist puddy, nae body maun pik here but the maun that saye the grace? where all the three burst out into laughter.

Another time, before Mr Pettegrew entered into the ministry, passing one day thro' the Nether bow port of Edinburgh, and observing that one of the waiters there had a custom of stoping almost every body that happened to be carrying any thing, under a pretence of searching for prohibited goods got a large round stone, and putting it below his cloak went very fast thro the port, looking always behind him as if he had been frightened? the waiter seeing this and thinking he had catched a prize pursued after him. immediately, overtook him and ordered him in the king's name to deliver up what he had got below his cloak: which the other refused to do, instantly they fell to scolding, the one to seize the

the stone, and the other to keep it, till Mr Pettegrew seeing an opportunity, then let it drop with great force upon the waiter's toes and running away, laughed at him with all his might, as did likewise the people on the street, while the poor waiter, sore hurt with the dreadful stroke, could not walk one foot for a considerable time, till Mr Pettegrew escaped out of his clutches.

One warm summer day, he was riding into Paisley, and having newly gotten a wig the heat caused him to take it off and put on his hat on his bare head ; and as he came near Paisley town and could not get his wig he turned back, and meeting with a woman on the way he said honest woman, did you see a haddock of hair among your feet ? Ke awa' ye filthy missear'd carle, what's your business what I hay between my feet ? The poor woman began to go off the road, and he riding after her crying at her to gave him the haddock of hair A deil's in the earl, cried the wife, ye have hair onough when ye wear it aboon your hat. He then putting up his hand and finding the mistake he was in, begged to be excused of the woman for his misbehaviour,

F I N I S.

